

REMNANTS! REMNANTS!

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Grand Clearing Up This Week

-IN-

EVERY DEPARTMENT

The entire stock overhauled and stacks of desirable goods selected for our semi-annual

REMNANT SALE.

Dress goods, all lengths and styles, silks, velvets, satins, plain and brocaded cotton fringe, Hamburg edgings, calicos, gingham, table linens and towels. All the odds and ends must go.

Wm. Curran,

223 Ohio Street.

WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1882.

Windy Fellows.

Sedalia heard more oratory yesterday than she has enjoyed for many a day. The paper man and the shoe blacking fellow made some howl, as it were, with their stentorian tones, on the corner of Ohio and Second streets. All day long these fellows talked and spouted to a large and admiring crowd as they eloquently dilated upon the merits of their wares.

Didn't Whack Up.

William Geary has been running as a "peanut" on the K. & T. for Mr. Joshua Iredale, agent in this city for Barko Bros. On his last trip Geary, so the agent says, failed to respond with the receipts of his sales, and for this failure Mr. Iredale went before Squire Fisher, last Friday, and swore out an information charging Geary with the embezzlement of twelve dollars. The young man was duly arrested, but gave bond for his appearance next Wednesday, the time set for the trial.

Counterfeiters Sentenced.

Three federal prisoners passed through Sedalia Friday night, en route from Dallas, Texas, to Joliet, Ill., where they had been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for counterfeiting. They were in charge of Sheriff Harris, of Dallas county. James Hogg was up for five years, and Peter Coddell, and G. W. Shumaker for seven years each. They were heavily shackled, and pronounced by the gentleman in charge as desperadoes of the worst class.

The Cheyenne Pete Family.

The police raided Cheyenne Pete's den in the southwestern part of the city about one o'clock this morning. The madam, her two brothers and George David were captured and put in the tar box to spend Sunday. Tom David was in the house at the time, but escaped, leaving behind his coat, boots, vest and hat. The force chased him to the vicinity of Barrett's hotel, and then abandoned the pursuit. George David was released on bond. It is a hard outfit. Mrs. Pete has a husband in Hickory county who is said to have run on the greenback ticket for county judge.

Roofless.

A fire at six o'clock yesterday morning destroyed the roof of the double frame tenement house near the corner of Engineer and Fifth streets. The house was occupied by the families of Silas Sprague and a Mr. Graham, both of whom succeeded in removing their household goods without loss other than that incident to a hasty removal.

The fire was the result of a short stove pipe above the roof, attached to the kitchen stove. The biscuits for breakfast were in the oven and are there yet, in an unbacked condition. The fire company got to the burning house in good time and saved it from total destruction. There is sufficient insurance upon the building to cover the loss. It is the property of Mr. Henry Knopfl.

Killed a Crank.

Friday night last a stranger went into the office of the Laclede hotel, Troy, Mo., and rather commandingly asked for a room. The clerk expressed his regret at not being able to accommodate him on account of all rooms being engaged. At this statement the stranger became enraged, and, cursing the clerk, rushed to the door, when, raising his clenched hand, he threateningly shook it at the clerk. The clerk rushed to the door to ascertain what the man was up to, when he was immediately confronted by him and the stranger raised his fist to strike him, but warding off the blow, the clerk in turn struck at the man, striking him on the head. The stranger fell to the ground and in so doing struck his head on the curb stone, which produced concussion of the brain, from the effects of which he died on Saturday afternoon. The clerk immediately gave himself up to the authorities and on the death of the stranger was placed under a \$10,000 bond. The name of the deceased was John Brown and he lives somewhere in Ralls county, and was by occupation a tie contractor. The hotel clerk, John Worsham, is a well-known and much esteemed young man of Troy.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of merit with quack medicines. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative which will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See advertisement.—Times.

GOING TO SEDALIA.

Arrest of a Supposed Burglar by Kansas City Officers Yesterday.

Speaking of a prisoner whom Officer De Long brought down from Kansas City last night and lodged in jail, yesterday morning's Times, of that city, says: "A man giving his name as Charles Sullivan was arrested yesterday about 2 o'clock by Officer Moran and Detective Hunt, as being the man Charles Nelson who is wanted in Sedalia for robbery. He is supposed to be one of the three men who, on Tuesday night last, entered the grocery of George Kahrs, Sedalia, well masked and at the point of revolvers compelled the proprietor to hand over a watch and chain valued at \$75 and \$200 in cash. He was seen about the streets the day before wearing a watch and chain, but at the examination yesterday nothing whatever was discovered upon his person of a suspicious character. The watch and chain being gone leads to the belief that they are now within the strong box of Uncle Heidenheimer, otherwise pawned. Nelson's actions are very suspicious and tend to convince the police that they have the right man. The authorities at Sedalia have been telegraphed and an officer will arrive to-day and convey Nelson to that burg."

The Times is not correct. He is not charged with the Kahrs robbery, but three charges of larceny, one of burglary and one of perjury will be preferred against Sullivan, alias Nelson.

It seems he stole a valuable gold watch chain from George Townsley, two gold slides off ladies' chains from Abe Cohn, and is guilty of other offenses. He is a married man, and his wife and two children reside in West Kansas City. He has been running as extra brakeman on the Pacific and is a tough customer. He will have a hearing to-morrow.

Rough on Tramps.

Farmers should be very careful about setting old straw stacks on fire. A New Jersey farmer burned a straw stack, and just as the flames were becoming torrid, six tramps crawled out of the stack, their hair singed, and smoke oozing out of their collars and places where the clothing was torn. They upbraided the farmer for his carelessness, and threatened to sue him for damages. A straw stack burned near Racine, on Monday night, and human bones have been found in the ashes. Somebody is short one tramp. The best way to do before burning a straw stack is to take a pitchfork and run it into the stack all around, when, if no smothered profanity is heard, you can conclude the tramps have gotten into the barn or hog pen.

A Smile of Satisfaction.

This, from the Cleveland (Ohio) Penny Press, carries its own suggestion: Recently meeting Mr. H. G. Keffler, treasurer of the Cleveland Herald, our representative inquired of that gentleman, after stating his mission, if he personally knew anything about the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. A smile played across Mr. Keffler's expressive face, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he replied in the affirmative, I will not refuse to state my experience with it, and you may use it as you think best. Four years ago I sprained one of my ankles, an accident which, if you are aware, entails much suffering and sometimes leaves the limb in a condition to remind one frequently of the old hurt. Unfortunately this result ensued. Whenever the weather became damp or my system absorbed the slightest cold, my ankle pained me. This went on at intervals for over three years, and I could not obtain relief. Last winter I applied the St. Jacobs Oil, and it completely cured me. I have not since felt a return of the pain.

Some Signs.

A walk around the city gives several signs that the merry goddess of budding spring has arrived in Sedalia. Her presence and magic touches are to be seen on every hand. The grass is springing up with genial greenness, the swelling buds peep out with a glad portent, the sweet-fraught flowers send out rich perfume, the fruit trees are ready to blossom into promises of a good crop, where the storm-lashed branches, upon which nature can hang a peach or apple, and the birds are twittering a merry roundelay of welcome to the warm and pleasant spring-time, gentle Annie.

Reporters and other esthetic people all enjoy this sort of weather, and to-day many will wander out to catch a new lease of life and to take a sniff of the blowing breeze, and also to enjoy the beauties pointed out in this prettily worded article, the first production about spring which the critic of the BAZOO has hurriedly dashed off.

Addendum: Another sign has been discovered which goes to confirm all the above. The hens are cackling briskly, and as these fowls never sing only after having deposited their much-beloved fruit, it means that business with them has begun and that eggs will soon be plentiful and cheap.

Quick and Sure.

Many miserable people drag themselves about with failing strength, feeling that they are steadily sinking into their graves, when by using Parker's Ginger Tonic they would find a cure commencing with the first dose, and vitality and strength quickly and surely coming back to them.

—Sam Higleyman was on the banks of Flat creek digging for worms, yesterday, and he actually saw 100 butterflies. He galloped his horse to the city to hunt up F. A. Sampson, who is authority on such things, to see if they were this year's butterflies or a delayed batch of last year's crop just come in through the Sedalia postoffice. When last seen he was still hunting Sampson. J. H. Dowland told him to mail a postal card. "No," said a small boy, "Sampson will die of old age before he gets it." Higleyman went to see a man around the corner.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, Consumption, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by your druggist.

MOTHERS! FATHERS!

Save your money.

CASH HOUSE, SQUARE-

Dealing, one price.

Buy no clothing for yourselves until you see our

SUPERIOR QUALITY.

New clothing, hats, caps, shirts, neckwear, etc. Tailoring to please, and guarantee satisfaction. Large assortment of foreign and domestic cloths to select from. Charley Kooch is well known as a Cutter, and is now proprietor, and proposes to please all who leave their measure at

D.T.CHANEY & CO.'S,

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS AND

Trunk and Valise-Store,

112 MAIN STREET.

SOME SLEEPERS.

They Went Hunting, But Were too Sleepy to Bag Any Game.

A party of four well-known Sedalians went out hunting, the other day, and, as a matter of course, they had to take along some sprits frumment in order to neutralize the bad water with which they now and then surprise their stomachs.

One of the party wandered off by himself, and was found by a stranger standing against a tree fast asleep, his faithful dog patiently watching him. The sleeper aroused and returned to his friends. He didn't kill much game, however.

Another one of the ninards succeeded in wounding a stray duck. The game was taken to a feed trough in a field, where the sportsman laid down and was wrapt in the arms of morpheus. He intended to watch for more ducks, but somehow it was a sleepy crowd, and his eyes soon closed in slumber. The poor, lonely duck felt hurt at this treatment and began to quack and vigorously peck the sleeper. He was aroused by these demonstrations, and shook himself into some sort of companionship for the web-footed fowl.

The third one of this sleepy crowd went to the wagon for a bottle of beer. He, too, was over-powered and was soon snoozing as peacefully as an Egyptian mummy. The fourth gentleman managed to lick the drowsy god, but somehow he got befuddled and tried to shoot off his gun when there wasn't a grain of powder in it. Then the gunist tried to pick the tubes of his gun, thinking the fault was in them. This seems too funny when it is stated that the gun was a breech-loader, and of course there were no tubes to pick.

Altogether the party was a lively one, and, but for the unaccountable condition of the weather, which made them so sleepy, they would have slain more ducks than could have been brought home.

—A positive cure for malaria, digestive and urinary troubles is found in Brown's Iron Bitters.

Another Coffee.

An informal "coffee" was given yesterday afternoon at the palatial residence of Capt. Parker, by his daughter, Miss Alice. The menu was excellent, and included substantial and dainties. Among those present were the following: Misses Mary and Bettie Gentry, Lottie Smith, Mrs. Jennie Phillips, Allie Chappell, Ella Porter, V. P. Batterton, Lilly Burner, Allie Ritter, Sallie Porter, Gerie Gist, — Dean, Clara Allen, Mrs. Maylew, Hattie Marvin, Libbie Snedaker, Lizzie Lampton and Cora Demuth.

The Highest Rank.

Made from harmless materials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken the highest rank as an elegant and reliable hair restorative.

Dead.

The remains of R. P. Stout, a young man 18 years of age, who died at Appleton City at 11:20 Friday night, passed through Sedalia yesterday, en route to Louisville, Ky., for interment. He was sick but four days with spinal meningitis, was a miller by trade, and had resided in Appleton City but a few weeks.

—Hale's Honey Horehound and Tar will arrest every ailment of the lungs, throat, or chest.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in a minute.

For the skin—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

That Raffle.

The raffle for the handsome gold watch, with diamond headlight, owned by Johnny S. Landes, the popular jeweler, will take place during this week. Nearly all the chances have been disposed of, and as soon as those remaining are taken, the dice will be thrown. Those who have not yet paid for their chances are requested to do so at once.

—A lady from Oregon writes Dr. Benson: I think you should be presented with a chariot of pure gold for your Celery and Chamomile Pills having proved such a blessing to thousands of sufferers with sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness and dyspepsia.

—The most popular book now with the public is the life and work of Garfield, including the trial of Guiteau, by the well known author, John Clark Redpath, L. L. D. This book has 800 pages and over 50 elegant engravings bound in a substantial manner at the following low prices: Fine English cloth, black and gold sides, \$2.50; Half-morocco, gold sides, marble edges \$3.00. Customers can be supplied by the well known publishers, Messrs. Morris & McDick, No. 219 Ohio street, Sedalia, Mo. Agents are doing a splendid business with this book, and every neighborhood should have some one to act as an agent and secure the above very low prices. Agents outfit 50 cents.

CHINNING THE STAR.

A BAZOO Reporter's Pleasant Chat With Miss Florence Herbert.

She Loves the Queen City and is Favorably Impressed With its Citizens.

Something Regarding the Woman Who Has Never But Once Disappointed an Audience.

During the week just closed the Florence Herbert company, numbering seventeen people, under the management of Messrs. Whiteley & Selleck, have held forth at the opera house, appearing each evening and at yesterday afternoon's matinee. To the average Sedalia play goer Miss Herbert was on Monday last an entire stranger, although many who have for years perused the columns of the dramatic papers knew that she ranked high in her chosen profession.

She opened to a good house Monday night, and from that time forward her success was assured, and the BAZOO is pleased to know that at the conclusion of the engagement the management have a nice little balance on the credit side of their books.

Yesterday afternoon a BAZOO scout called upon her at room at the hotel, and was pleasantly received by both herself and husband. While she is known upon the stage as Miss Herbert, she is, like most of the ladies of her profession, married—her husband being Mr. Fred. Selleck, one of the managers of the company.

Newspaper reporters, as a rule, are thoroughly detested by theatrical stars, and as soon as one presents his card and asks for the pleasure of an interview, some excuse is framed and the reporter is told that illness (which generally means a fit of the sulks) will not permit of the lady seeing the man of news, although she would be delighted to meet him at some future time.

In this particular Miss Herbert is an exception. If possible, she is more charming off than on the stage, and this is saying not a little. While she is not a really handsome woman, her face is one that commands admiration, and her charming manners make her companionship sought after by those with whom she becomes acquainted.

As the reporter entered, she was packing one of the five large trunks in her room, and was not a little provoked at the appearance of what she called "bugs," which had secreted themselves in the folds of some of her handsome dresses. "Why, Fred," she said, addressing her husband, "I never before saw such bugs; some of them are half as long as your finger." The reporter, too, was invited to look, and on doing so informed the lady that they were nothing but cock-roaches, not uncommon in this country, and no damage to her wardrobe need be anticipated. The "bugs" disposed of, all took seats and a quiet chat was enjoyed—by the reporter, at least.

Miss Herbert made her debut in Chicago some twelve years ago, and for the past seven years has been starring, always with her own company. Just outside of Chicago is the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Selleck, which they have named "Fanchon Place." Here, at the conclusion of their season, which generally occurs the first of June, they spend the heated term, and give neither the past nor future the least attention, preferring to partake liberally of the enjoyment of the present.

"Oh," said Miss Herbert, "you should see me with my big sunshade on, gathering strawberries, caring for my birds, flowers, etc., and you would not think I was the same person."

The reporter was bound to admit that the sight would be a pleasant one, but before he had time to speak, she was chatting pleasantly on another subject.

After the summer vacation is spent at their country residence, Mr. and Mrs. Selleck again take the road, generally leaving home the latter part of August or first of September. This year they opened at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 22d of August, appearing against Lawrence Barrett on Monday night, and on Tuesday night against both Barrett and Forepaugh's circus. Notwithstanding these attractions, Miss Herbert was compelled to turn people away from the opera house during each night of her engagement. She has played in Des Moines on six different occasions, and "standing room only" had to be displayed long before the curtain rose.

The company strike only the larger cities, and this year have traveled through the states of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois and Kansas. They will close at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where they have a four weeks' engagement, during which time forty performances will be given—a change of bill at each.

Miss Herbert's repertoire includes some two hundred plays. Her memory is wonderful, indeed, for 'tis seldom she has to refer to her manuscript to catch the lines. At present her husband (who, by the way, is also quite a clever actor, although now retired from that branch of business) is writing for her a new play, which she will present to the public next season. The name thereof has not yet been decided upon, but Fred, says it is sure to "catch." She has one trunk containing nothing but manuscript plays, many of which she has not had out for weeks.

The wardrobe carried by Miss Herbert would be hard to excel, and no wonder it commanded the admiration of all who had the pleasure of seeing her at the opera house. The dresses she wears in the five acts of "Camille" are of the finest material, were made in Paris, and cost far beyond what the uninitiated would suppose. As Mr. Selleck said, the duty on them would buy pretty good dresses in this country. Numerous other costumes came from Paris also, and 'tis safe to say no actress has visited Sedalia who could make a superior showing in this direction. The writer would, for the edification of the BAZOO's lady readers, like to give a description of a few of her costumes, but feels inadequate to the task.

Miss Herbert is an exception to most actresses in more things than one. She has never known what it was to play to a poor business, and it is doubtful whether there is a more successful company now on the

road. She has never disappointed an audience but in one city, and that was at Hannibal, in this state. She was booked there on two different occasions, and on each was taken sick and compelled to cancel the engagements. As an emotional artist, Miss Herbert certainly has few equals, although in lighter parts she is fully as effective. Her style of acting is not unlike that of Clara Morris, whom Miss Herbert considers the most superb emotional actress the world has yet produced. She says if Miss Morris had the health of Fanny Davenport, her fortune would be a question of but short time.

Miss Herbert has played against some of the brightest lights in the profession, and has never yet failed to hold her own. At Clinton, Iowa, she was booked at one opera house, while Mary Anderson held forth at another. The result was most satisfactory to the former. At Keokuk, Iowa, she appeared against Tom Keene, the celebrated tragedian, and again was the result satisfactory.

In the character of Camille, Miss Herbert says if an American star was to present it as did Sara Bernhardt during her recent visit to the United States, she would be hissed from the stage. The French, however, are not so particular in this regard, and 'tis for this reason that Bernhardt was such a favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Selleck have driven throughout our city, seeing all that was to be seen, and are not stint in its praise. They have also become acquainted with a number of our people, and pronounce them as hospitable as any they ever met.

The management will no doubt visit Sedalia again next season, and the BAZOO believes they will receive a reception that cannot but prove pleasing—providing they bring with them as good a company as they have at present. They leave this morning for Moberly, where they play this week, and the BAZOO is glad to commend them to the people of the Magic City.

There is Nothing Like It.

The failing powers of digestion, assimilation, secretion and excretion, are restored to permanent health, strength and activity, by using Brown's Iron Bitters—a true tonic! a perfect strengthener! a sure reviver!

A Swindler and Hypocrite.

Rev. E. D. Winslow, who formerly banged the lids of a bible and sold split leather shoes in Sedalia, has again been heard from. It will be remembered that he swindled everybody in Boston, including his benefactor, Porter, and then went to England. There he laid in prison a short time but finally went to Buenos Ayres. He lived there awhile, unidentified, under the name of Low, and became superintendent of a Sunday school, but the church turned him out on learning who and what he was. He married a wealthy woman, became a successful politician, and is now living sumptuously. He has a wife and family in Boston. He would do to preach in Omaha or Chicago, where they are not very particular.

Child Drowned.

Elmer Barnhardt, two years of age, an infant son of Joseph Barnhardt, residing six miles west of Boonville, was drowned Friday afternoon by falling into an old cellar with three feet of water in it from the late rains, and which was the ruins of an old dwelling just torn down. The cellar was being filled when the child wandered out unnoticed, and was found dead before being missed.

Didn't Want Them.

Yesterday a member of that large and respectable class of society yeelp "tramps," was found by a BAZOO reporter lying near the railroad track in the Missouri Pacific yards. The tramp had fallen asleep and his feet were in just that position where a passing car would sever them off. The BAZOO man waked the sleeping beauty to ask him if he didn't want them footies. The man said "no," but the scribe suggested that in his, the tramp's profession, pedic extremities were highly useful. "Like Othello, your occupation would be gone," said the reporter, and the sweet scented feet were hauled in out of danger.

LAMONTE ITEMS.

—Mrs. Carrie Story and Miss Ollie Snidely, of Sedalia, are visiting at the Lamonte house.

—Col. F. W. Hickox left to-day for his Texas home, where everything is green and beautiful.

—Mrs. Marcellus H. Garton is visiting friends in the southwest. Mr. Garton will join her in a few days.

—Miss Mollie Reeves, formerly of this county, but now of Warrensburg, Johnson county, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

—Mrs. Katie Leese, of London, England, is at the Lamonte house, on her way to Colorado to visit her son in that state. She is waiting to accompany her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Zaidie Leese, on her return to her home in that state.

—We visited the Lamonte school Friday evening to see the closing exercises, which were conducted in a very interesting and amusing manner. The reading of essays and declamations were excellent. Miss Ollie Files rather bore off the palm in reading, not being abashed in the least, but proceeded as though she was an adept in that line. And the Lamonte school Gazette, with its supplement, gotten up by Miss Ollie Hall and Master Joseph Mason, was presented in a rich, rare and spicy manner, its columns being well filled with instructive matter. The paper was read by Miss Ollie in a clear and distinct voice; the supplement by Master Joseph Mason in a like manner. In their bow to the public they promise to make the school Gazette even more interesting in the future papers than the present number. We suppose that soon they will tender to the BAZOO their request to please X. The school will commence the summer term in two weeks, conducted in the larger room by the same teacher, Mr. H. F. Triplett.

Hair, Hair.

Mad. A. M. Dumas, from St. Louis, is here at Siechers' hotel with a fine assortment of hair goods and waves, and will bleach hair to any shade on short notice. Will be here only Sunday and Monday. Please call and see her.

Wall Paper at Sanborn Bros. & Co.

REMEMBER

We are closing out our entire line of Hosiery, underwear and

NOTIONS,

To quit this branch of our business, and we will give genuine bargain to any one

Wanting These Goods.

Monday we will put on sale

TWO HUNDRED BIRD CAGES.

One hundred different styles—brass, japanned and wood. This is by far the largest line in Sedalia, and we will sell to compete with anyone.

99c. Store!

227 OHIO STREET.

(Next door to Siechers.)

PILOT GROVE POINTS

Picked Up by the BAZOO's Young Man.

—Dr. Cox has just completed a very neat and pretty little residence.

—The ninards have had a very enjoyable time shooting ducks and emptying bottles.

—C. E. Leonard, the fine cattle man, and W. J. Wynn, recently united with the Methodist church at Bellair.

—The grave of hickory trees, from which this town took its name in the long time ago, is fast decaying. Not one of the original trees is now alive.

—E. C. Moore, on Sunday, occupied a seat where the bald-headed men usually sit. As he isn't bald we account for this on the ground that he don't read the BAZOO.

—A gentleman from Clear Creek has been in town circulating a petition asking for a saloon here. Let the proposition be fairly met and buried so deep that Gabriel's trumpet cannot awaken it.

—Robt. Magruder has taken up his residence in town; and soon Billy Collins will join the brotherhood of baccheters. These two, Marshall Rust and Bob Braggs, should organize a mutual admiration society.

—Col. Hickman, the temperance orator, arrived in town Sunday morning for the purpose of lecturing, but his friends failed to receive the notice, and no preparation was made. The lecture was postponed. He will return in April.

—A young man at a certain boarding house can, of late, find no place to wash except in the kitchen, and this requires so much time that he is always late for breakfast. The cook is continually munching candy and peeling oranges. This seems to be taking things with a r-u-s-h.

—A diminutive of the human species raised cane at the Methodist church Sunday. The usual remedy was applied without success. The noisy offspring is a namesake of Dr. A. H. Thurston. If the name has anything to do with the noise, we suggest that mothers choose some other name.

—Jim Callahan, until recently a resident of this place, is married. Jim loved the girl and the girl loved Jim, but the mother and the brothers didn't love Jim and stood between him and the darling of his heart. Jim's days and nights dragged heavily along, sleep forsook his eyes and his heart was full of anguish. Still he lived in hope of a better time. The time came. The girl and her brothers went to Buncheon (the place noted for its female pugilists). Jim took in the situation at a glance. He secured an accomplice, who engaged the brothers in the shooting gallery, while he took the girl in his buggy and shot for Boonville, secured a license and was married. He is said to be one of the happiest men alive—a broad grin covers his entire countenance. He is decidedly of the opinion that he has achieved the greatest victory of life.

—Prof. James A. Sewell, A. M., M. D., of MEDICAL FACULTY LAVAL UNIVERSITY, Quebec, states: I have found Golden's Liebig's Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator particularly useful in advanced stages of Consumption, weakness, dyspepsia, and all nervous affections. In pregnant women it has been retained while every other article of food was rejected. Palatable and easy of digestion. (Take no other.)

In Good Hands.

He was a country young fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle and had sense enough to appreciate his worth despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and his fiancée. On a gloomy Sunday evening this winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hills, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, being hard up for something to say, remarked, as he watched the snow falling, "This will be hard on the old man's calves and sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him; "I will take care of one of them."—Cincinnati Commercial.

—Elixir Vtiae for Woman.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery. Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.